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This is the first issue of the new Massachusetts Art Community Newspaper. Our ultimate aim is to serve the community of which we are all a part. In order to accomplish this end we will need student support. We offer the newspaper as a vehicle to be used by all to voice opinions, comments or complaints on any subject; or simply to provide a little entertainment for all our readers. The paper also looks forward to being used by students as a tool in their artistic prospects. The potential in this area is great. Please contribute and make your voice heard; the success of the paper depends on you. All contributions can be placed in the *newspaper* mailbox in the mailroom.

STAFF

BOB GOULD - EDITOR
WAYNE WAARAMAA-
ART DIRECTOR
WAYNE WAARAMAA- COVER
ART - AL DEANGELO

THE FINAL DATE for all curriculum changes is Nov. 17.
NO EXCEPTIONS WILL BE MADE.
OFFICE OF THE
ACADEMIC DEAN

CRITICAL STUDIES MAJORS
ARE REQUESTED TO LEAVE
THEIR NAMES
ADDRESSES
AND PHONE NUMBERS
IN MY MAILBOX
THANK YOU!
DR. HAWTHORNE

Work on the Mass Art Yearbook has now begun. Everyone is urged to participate in some way. Each senior student will be represented by a photograph, illustration, a piece of his work or possible combinations of any of these.

Whatever is decided upon is to be the personal statement of that particular student. Photographs or illustrations may be submitted by the students, however, their inclusion will be decided upon by the yearbook staff. Photographers and/or illustrators are needed. Anyone interested in either of the former or in the general design of the yearbook, please contact us immediately. Meetings are held every Tuesday at 12 o'clock in C9, or you may contact the following by mailbox:

General information— *Karen Zager* or *Maria Furtado*.

Information concerning art work to be submitted— *Wayne Waarama*
Those interested in photography or illustrations or questions pertinent to this area— *Stephen Sakowich*

In the meantime please be thinking about where and/or how you want your picture taken and/or what work you want submitted.

COMPETITION AND THE NEW MARKING SYSTEM

This fall begins the use of the much discussed marking system passed last year. Its existence is an attempt to get away from the former numerical system, which was strictly *competitively* based. Social motivation became the driving force, with the student striving to receive a mark which would satisfy his parents, teachers, and peers. A strange type of student was bred through this, one for whom no concrete resolution of his work was felt within himself; it lay outside his person. I hope to explore the basic philosophy which has brought about this situation and to offer potential avenues for its use in creating an educated and self-fulfilled student.

There are two basic types of competition: *Natural*, in which the student has a natural desire to improve self on the basis of his own achievements, and *Forced*, which is based on the winner/loser equation and is imposed on a group.¹

As stated, forced competition is based on the winner/loser equation. In a classroom situation, prizes, rewards or punishment are standard procedure. This offers no benefits for either party, winner or loser. The loser has been told he does not have the ability to achieve

through his lack of reward for his work, so he loses initiative. The winner has achieved and it has been noted by his reward so he loses initiative to explore other means of expression. Forced competition overpowers serious involvement by youth in his own creative experiences.

The former marking system exemplifies this system of forced competition. Rewards in the form of grades and accompanying social status are offered to those who meet the requirements. For those who fail many social pressures may be brought to bear to which the student has no real defense. The situation was begun outside of himself with his contributions as a negligible factor.

Whether the student has been deemed a potential success or failure, his scope of foresight toward his goals has been stagnated by the offering of degrees of achievement with the *mandatory* success and failure within each level. It is not difficult for the student to settle into a socially comfortable area, by his own choice or not, to gain general acceptance; the great price for this is the loss of any true feeling of self-satisfaction.

As an excuse for strict competitive methods, some individuals hold that competitiveness is in the hereditary

1. Lowenfield & Brittain, *Creative Mental Growth*, Macmillan Co., pp. 79-81

nature of man. Social research has failed to support this claim. Investigators of the Eskimoes and Australian aborigines have been amazed at the lack of competitiveness in their societies. It appears that the tendency to compete arises not only from learning experiences but also intimately related to a self-concept of attitudes and needs.

Competition as 1) natural state of man (hereditarily) and 2) Chief motivating force in Education have been largely and decisively disproved. Conclusive studies have been done showing that strict competition produces the lowest motivation and performance, curiosity, and creative drive, the highest.² Through the immediate method of change at hand, the marking system, we must attempt to focus on the advantages of competition and use them in a situation to create a healthier and more beneficial learning experience.

Natural Competition is the natural desire of an individual to improve on his own achievements. It is self-initiated and self-satisfying. This system places the emphasis on the individual to make his own choices with the pivoting point being his goals and qualities. He evaluates circumstances in terms of his own experiences to reject or adapt them by choice. Sources of motivation are self-initiated, resulting in a strong conscious commitment, not one prompted by social dictation, when used in this manner, that competition is most beneficial. The student is more completely educated through competition with his standards, achievements and himself rather than those of others!

It is in this area that the new marking system lies. It de-emphasizes the threats, social and inter-personal that the former system bred. Competition between students for marks and attached rewards will be negligible because each student will be evaluated on their personal level. The great threat of possible stagnation of creative thinking as the result of strict competition will also be avoided through the students selection of personal standards and goals. The former system used competition to de-emphasize individu-

ality and lower motivation; the new system uses the most beneficial aspects of competition to produce a more healthy and more sensitive student.

This would be accomplished by bringing into use one of the most important attitudes in which competition can be most productive; co-operation. In competing with others, one wishes to win or to do better for personal gain or prestige. In co-operative activity, one wishes to improve himself and to make a significant contribution to the whole. Using self-confidence and affirmation of purpose as a firm base, co-operative activity expands the individual into retro-action within his peer group and society.

In this we have the attitudinal change necessary for the new marking system. Competition is to be turned inward, creating a self-assured student. Then, using the fantastic potential of all these unique individuals, the mutual creation of an inter-relating artistic community, with a common core of self-expression. Instead of a students achievement benefiting the social individuals outside of himself, it now becomes a part of a co-operative group learning process in which many potentially threatening pressures have been removed.

In schools and experiments where co-operative activity was effected, many things were conspicuously evident. During co-operative activity, there was relatively more friendly behavior, more mutual help and more sharing of ideas and materials. During competitive activity, there was relatively more unfriendly

behavior, obstruction of work of others and general refusal to share ideas and materials. Co-operative situations have been proven to significantly reduce the threat of failure and frustration in students of lower ability and it has been offered as a serious suggestion by researchers to reduce competition among students in regular classroom learning situations.

This problem has been strongly confronted by the elimination of numerical grades. Grades, as the obvious symbol of successful competition, fragment student bodies by categorizing individuals into success/failure groupings. By switching to a personalized method of evaluation and co-operation, more unity is present in the collective thinking process of the students.

If competition is friendly and organized so that every student has the opportunity at some time to win; motivation, achievement and interpersonal relationships may be excellent. But this is very laborious order, considering the effects of poorly managed competition; at the extreme potential outward aggression.

At M.C.A., we have in the New Marking System, excellent potential for the harnessing of all the beneficial qualities of competition. Within this shell, it will be possible to provide the atmosphere to aid students in self direction without social restraint; to build a productive, co-operative, artistic community where individuals prepare themselves for a larger structure to be forcefully confronted upon graduation.

Bob Gould



2. Klausmeier & Goodwin, *Learning and Human Abilities*, Harper & Row, p. 444

SEXUAL POLITICS, ART STYLE by Lucy Lippard

For the last three New York seasons, and particularly during the past winter, women artists have begun to protest discrimination against their sex in the art world. Active protest began in 1969 with WAR, burgeoned in 1970 with the AD HOC Women's Committee, which first addressed itself solely and successfully to raising the number of women in the Whitney Museum Annual; now there are at least two other organizations in New York as well as smaller artists' consciousness-raising groups. On the West Coast, at Cal Arts, Judy Chicago and Miriam Schapiro have set up the first women's art program, and Marcia Tucker will direct one similar course at the School of Visual Arts in New York. An international liaison network called WEB (West-East Bag) was recently created to inform women's art groups of each other's activities. In June, the new Los Angeles Council Museum was threatened with a suit from the Los Angeles Council of Women Artists with statistics that reflect the national situation; 29 of 713 artists whose works appeared in museum group shows in a decade were women; of 53 one-artist shows, one was by a woman—the same record, incidentally, as New York's Museum of Modern Art, and both of these women were photographers.

Yet, in spite of all this activity, the art world has been slow in coming to grips with the question of sexist discrimination. Real change probably won't come about until the society we live in and its basic woman-man relationships are fundamentally altered. In the meantime, however, discrimination against women in the art world consists of 1.) disregarding women and stripping them of their self-consciousness from art school on; 2.) refusing to consider a married woman or mother a serious artist no matter how hard she works or what she produces; 3.) labeling women unfeminine and abnormally assertive if they persist in maintaining the value of their art and protest their treatment; 4.) treating women artists as sex objects and using this as an excuse not to visit their studios or show their work (Sure, her work looked terrific, but she's such a good looking chick if I went to her studio I wouldn't know if I liked the work or her," one male dealer told me earnestly, "so I never went"); 5.) using fear of social or professional rejection to turn successful women against unsuc-

cessful women, and vice-versa; 6.) ripping off women if they participate in the unfortunately influential social life of the art world (if she comes in to the bar with a man she's a sexual appendage and is ignored as such; if she comes alone she's on the make; if she comes with a woman, she's gay); 7.) identifying woman artists with their men ("That's so-and-so's wife; I think she paints too"); 8.) exploiting women's inherent sensitivity and upbringing as non violent creatures by restoring personal insults, shouting down, art-world clout, in order to avoid confrontation or to subdue and discourage women who may be more articulate and intelligent, or better male company; 9.) galleries turning an artist away without looking at her slides, saying "Sorry, we already have a woman, or refusing to have any woman in their stable because women are "too difficult" (a direct quote—though since the Movement, people are more careful about saying these things). And so forth.

The roots of this discrimination can probably be traced to the fact that making art is considered a primary function, like running a business or a government, and women are conventionally relegated to the secondary, housekeeping activities such as writing about, exhibiting or caring for the art made by men. Art-making in America has a particularly virile tradition, the ideal of large scale, "tough," uncompromising work being implicitly a masculine prerogative. Men are somehow "professional" artists even if they must teach a twenty hour week or work forty hours as a carpenter, museum guard or designer. Women, on the other hand, especially if they are married, and have children, are supposed to be wholly consumed by menial labors. If a single female artist supports herself by teaching or working as a "gallery girl" or whatever, she is called a dilettante. If she is a mother, she may work forty hours a week in her studio and she will be taken seriously by other artists only after she has become so thoroughly paranoid about her position that she can be called an "aggressive bitch," an opportunist, "pushy" and so on. It doesn't seem to occur to people that women who can manage all this and still be serious artists may be more serious than their male counterparts.

Sadly enough, most of the few

women who have made it into the public eye have been so absorbed by the male world that they resist association with other less successful women artists, for fear of being forced into a "women's ghetto" and having their work thereby taken less seriously. They tend to think of themselves as one of an extraordinary elite who are strong enough to make it, not realizing that they denigrate and isolate their own work by being ashamed of their own sex, that if their art is good, it cannot be changed by pride in being a woman.

The worst source not only of discrimination but of the tragic feelings of inferiority so common among women artists is the art schools and college art departments (especially women's colleges), most of which have little or no female faculty despite a plethora of unknown male names. Women comprise a majority of art students, at least for the early years; after that they begin to drop out as a result of having no women teachers after whom to model themselves, seeing few women shown in museums and galleries, lack of encouragement from male professors who tell them that they'll just get married anyway, that the only women artists who make it are dykes, that they'll get along fine if they screw the instructor, or that pale colors, weak design and fine line are "feminine" (i.e. bad) but less so when perpetrated by men. Small wonder that there are far fewer women in the graduate schools, that survivors of this system are afraid to take their slides to galleries or invite criticism, that they find it difficult to work in isolation if their husbands move them to the sticks, that they may marry an artist instead of continuing to be one, or become the despised "lady painter" in between children, without studio space or materials money.

When a woman does show, the same attitudes prevail in regard to journalistic coverage. The one art magazine that has had any feature coverage of the "women problem" (two articles, which enabled the editors to announce their "women's issue") now feels it need never mention the subject again. The Whitney Annual was chosen for sustained public protest last year because survey shows are the most obvious examples of discrimination focused as they are on no single taste, but simply on "what is being done is such and such

an area." But why is it that so few women's studios are visited when the survey shows are being organized? Connections in the art world are made through friends and galleries, and aside from the problem of competition with men (which makes it unlikely that many women will be recommended to begin with) few women artists are represented by the big galleries to which curators refer when doing a show.

What applies to group shows applies equally to foundation grants, which again purport to concentrate on no single style, gallery affiliation, or institutional support. The statistics here are even worse. The usual defense is that not many women applied or that they weren't "good enough." It is important to remember that so-called "quality" on a list of, say, twenty-five younger artists given grants or shown in a museum, will not be agreed upon by any five "experts." If "quality" is admittedly elusive, why is it that foundations ignore women with qualifications (one-artist shows, prestigious group exhibitions, specialized press coverage, even age and length of career) far exceeding those of male colleagues who do receive grants? A Women's Art Registry (138 Prince Street, N.Y.C., 10012), now including slides of about a thousand women, makes it clear that a large number of female artists are working on a par with men. Last spring it was possible to put together, in good conscience, an exhibition of twenty-six women who had never had one-artist shows. I could never have organized an exhibition of that strength (all this being regulated by my own taste, of course) of unshown male artists; by the time they are that mature, most men have had a show somewhere. All grant lists, all art school faculties and all group shows include a certain percentage that is totally inexplicable to anybody. Why aren't these, at least, replaced with women whose work is as good as the best men accepted? The John Simon Guggenheim Foundation and the National Endowment for the Arts, among others, have lousy records. In fact there isn't any art-world institution so far that hasn't.

... WOMEN INTERESTED IN ACTION CONTACT KATHY FISKE OR LAURIE NOBLE



Digging the Moon—AlfreDeAngelo

Fred (Ha Ha)—Guess what you Forgot? They're over at my apt. in the pocket of my BLACK fur coat.
Good Luck, Kido!
R.

Taunting God in all His light
Is surely deeply just as wrong
As praising satan in the night
And praying to Him all day long

Those who think they are so close
As closeness will allow
Are wrong but at least they have chose
To do some good somehow

You are in this crowd my friend
And so am I with all my sins
Gazing on until the end
Epitome of evil from within

This now you don't understand
Because you are included
If you try to follow my hand
You'll surely be eluded

As I now present to you
A picture of myself
I tell you that it is not me
But merely some past elf

• If you thought that I was cruel
You'd give me all the blame
And if you think I'm just a fool

You'd blame me just the same,

You wear your mask upon your face
In front of all your friends
You'll keep up with the phony pace
until the game just ends

If all of us were who we thought
We'd have an easy task
But to be who we think we are
We'll have to wear our masks

Your dreams of living free and good
Are dancing all away
Until you can lift up your head
Your masks will have to stay,

For what has mankind done to you
To make you what you are

Because if science has been true
Why do you wear those scars

What good has all your thinking done
When we still kill each other
You scream for peace and one by one
You end up like your brother

You think your mind is all you need
Just rely on your intellects
Keep wishing that the lamb of God
Was just a pack of cigarettes,

I try to show my thoughts to you
But you resist my mind
See only what you want to do
And ignore all that you find

You call me weird and smile and say
'Your mind is really strange'
But you don't look at what I say
It's too far out of range

Ideas mean nothing nor do I
You say 'Hey look that's you know who'
Sometimes I feel to scream or cry
There must be more that I can do

Obscenities they make no sense
They only fill your head
They only make the air more tense
And clutter up your bed

To keep on eating while you scream
That eating is no good
You may as well get back that dream
Where you all wore your hoods,

Confusing as the night time seems
The sight is so much clearer
Without all of those messy screams
It seems I am much nearer

To my self which is not leaning
On the evil or perverse
Everyone has much more meaning
Than any word or any verse

It just seems that all of you
are fighting what you are
It seems that what you try to do
Is be as distant as the stars,

Hoarding all your life
You don't understand
Coveting his wife
While stealing all you can

Your values are all twisted
You love what you can eat
You won't touch what's not listed
Gluttony is your defeat

Gather candy, liquor and lust
You don't have a solution
All your shiny chrome will rust.
You're drowning in your own pollution,

Your symbols are not mine
You don not own all you survey
You think your head is fine
But it is just screwed up that way

All that you can see is skin
You're blinded by its sight
Your soul is dying from within
But you think that it's all right

Your eyes have turned down from the blue
You want to see more than what shows
If everyone was just like you
We'd be in a bigger mess than now,

Chaos is what shall result
From your need to self succeed
Revelation shall destroy the cult
Of the devil and his breed

Those who strive to stay alive
Shall have to make a choice
To save their own dear brother's life

Or save their own sweet voice
But in the end it's all the same
Those who live Him shall survive
Of all the tears they were not to blame
By their love and willingness to give,

At the end of our earthly day
The universe will be restored
It is God's will and nature's way
Peace and order shall once more

After we have left the bus
Our mess shall be cleaned up
There will not be any fuss
Because the Lord has set it up

And during the Revelation
When Christ returns to send
All his people to their station
It shall truly be THE END.



Waiting—Waiting for a Little One

Waiting waiting
until the down on
the nested new one
is shed
until the wings grow
strong
with long feathered strokes
and the tail can guide
and glide her
through throngs of multitudinous
winter songs
and only follow her
in free summer
winds and innumerable rains —
until she find
until she find
until she find
another's strong long feathered
wings
for the making of new-nested downs
... waiting for what spring brings ...

kathy
may
1971



The Importance of a Mornin'

The importance of a mornin'
(after days ago if sanguine grasses
and not-so-sanguine touch-glances
that made the feeder-seer step back

forcing an out of reach)
rings round and full-open, like a gong
of a faraway, more felt than seen on
the rolling new-grown hills in their
echoing.

The importance of a moment, when it's
past all past and defined for future's
sake, is sown in a second beyond all
remembering; is unknown
in the shadow of answers that
could not be said and decisions that
could not be made.

The importance of a mornin' is not
yet understood but some waiting
lets some things grow rich, alive, and good.

kathy
may 24, 1971



The Reaper

The reaper knows his crop,
he reaches the ground in
song and rhythming
making earth
jump to giving up its fruit.

With hands that form
and shape and love
(yet are rough without
the glove
and strict in reaping
deep root-bound crops)
then cut away
with knowing, quick and
dead dismay,
and end his work
of days to give
the world its truth.

kathy
may 1971

The Problem Is

The problem is
I want more and more
more quickly than time will
allow
or energy
(and, well, if I want, I should have)

So why does the time I spend
waiting
take so long
and the time I spend
being in the things
I love
go past so fast
or get split

oh, what I
really want
(is insatiable)

kathy
may
1971



Who's Alive—Anybody Home?

With guarded grandeur
and petulant care
she placed her insanity
over there
where only a few
(most friends)
could get a glance of it
(and only occasionally).

She had to put it aside—
for a while anyway—
because too many people would
smirk or leer
and say
"They're like that, you know ...
those crazy kids. They are like that.
You know."

And when insanity is set aside and
the real real is put on,
all of the many can not say
their looks but

what else happens is that
she does not smile nor love
nor even notice that
no one's looking.

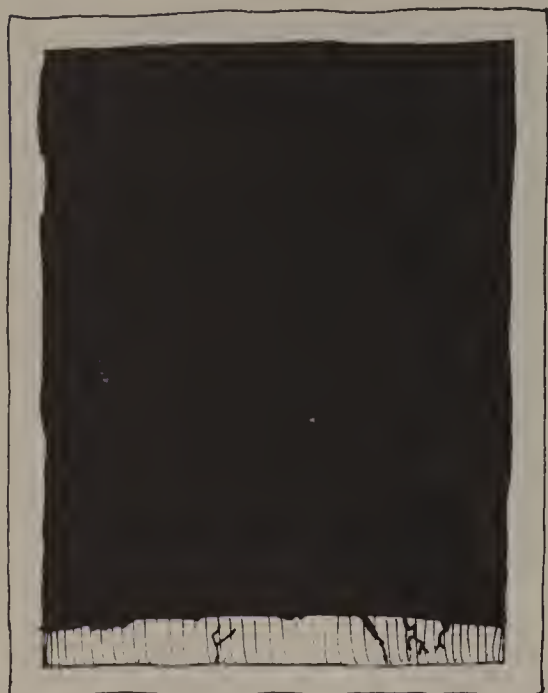
kathy
june 1971



WOW

Because I can mooove
and I am free and
WOW
because
you are
me

kathy
1971
may



Teacher Says

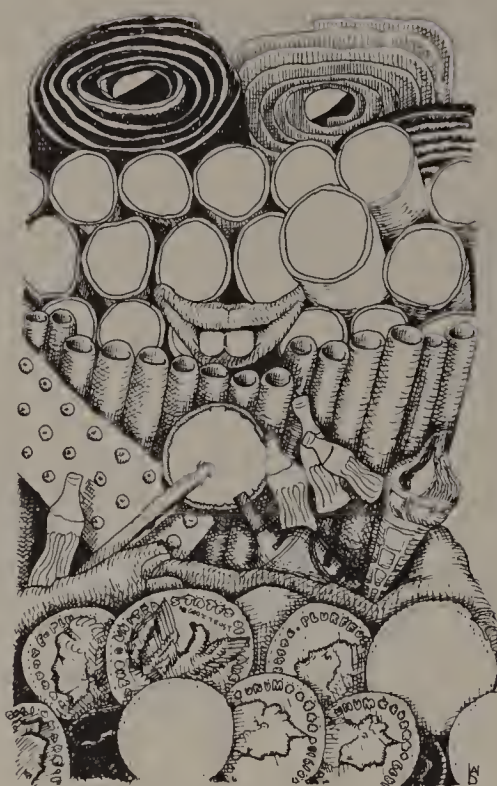
"If you are to experience a
lemon, my dear, you must
hold it, feel it, smell it, taste
it, and note the yellow of
it as you swallow your
puckering saliva,"
she said to me, my teacher said,

So I did a lemon
as lemons should be done
for teacher is most wise.
(But I still squinted up my
eyes when I understood what lemon is).

"If you are to experience life, my sweet,
you must
embrace it, experiment it,
roll your spirit out in it,
open your eyes in it and
face it straight with
all your senses keened sharp,"
she told to me, my teacher told.

So, I do life as life should be done.
For, teacher would not tell lies.
(But I still get water in my eyes
when I think about what life is).

kathy
June 1, 1971



A Baby and a Seed

I used to say
"Where ya goin', Daddy?"
And he'd reply,
"... to get some candy for the baby."
I'd say, "Why."
and think, "We have no baby, silly Dad!
You always say that.
I wish I knew
where you are goin'—
I'd go there too!"

I used to say,
"Got sumpin' for ya, Mommy!"
(with sumpin' behind my back in
both hands)
and When Mom'd ask, "What is it, Hon?"
(facing her cooking, and only half looking)
I'd fill the room with dandelion's seeds
with one quick pushed-out puff
from my anxious bulging cheeks.

But now it's, "Father, when will we
ever get to know one another
although I've gone my own way?"
and,

"Dear Mother, I love you so.
Can you ever know me without my flowers?"

kathy
1 June 1971



Dripping Sun ...

The long forked branch
poked itself up, piercing
the shallow mirrored water—
alive and in desire,
seeking what it required.

The long forked branch,
broken off from a dead tree's
death, separated water from
itself (and made havoc
ripple across sir red crane's bath)
seeking what it required.

The long forked branch
sharp, and sensing
it's aim's answer swimming near,
turned on the startled sun fish and
punctured her front to rear,
doing what it desired.

The long forked branch
poked itself up, piercing
the shallow mirrored water
with a red dripping sun
stuck 'round insatiable desire.

Kathy Connors
9/2/71